52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

Dear Mr. Nicolson,

This is only business, not affection — I suppose you're not coming to see me; do please, as a darling, send me (oh but better for come & bring me —)

(1) Tennyson by H.N.

(2) Venetian Glass Nephew - (the authoress said severely "Really! Not read any of my books!" Somewhat an evening!) I espied a ravishing & diaphanous dragon fly, a woman who had spirited away 4 husband, & wooed from buggery the most obstinate ghi adherent: a seren: a green & sweetvoiced nymph — that was what I espied, & came a tiptoe in to the room to find — a solid hunk: a hatchet minded, cadaverous, acid voiced, bare boned, starved, patriotic nasal, thick legged American

ah the evening she declaimed an impeachable
psalm: & dreamed our Sally: her air
3 times better than mine, naturally; till
that God, she began a hearing on her
chair & made a move as if to go, gracefully
yielded to, but not, beg you to believe,
solicited, on our parts. Figure my
woe, on the stairs, when the maryard,
(It's the other thing I want. Corner of Regent
to have children. May I go in there?"
for the retired to the W.C., emerged
refreshed; sent away the cab, & stayed
another hour, hacking on to piece-
meal read her book.

Tell me if this is a real Coroner, a
sham. I'm trying to prove my
great aunt Adelaide from a
Neapolitan adventurer & a
French Marquis. But there no
time. Ever, dear Mrs. N.
Your devoted.
Virginia Woolf.

Sibyl is rampant here and there.

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HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

Leonard says he can't come tea are or the Press se. but would like to

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You are an angel, but I don't mean you to take so much trouble. God knows about the Marquis. Probably the whole thing is different in France – he may have been the son or the nephew (I think that was the legend), & anyhow I suppose Jean Jay, vaguely, 'aristocratic', & leave it. I want to prove her base & noble – & fit in with her addicts. I might spend a lifetime over her; but can't face going to my half-brother who knows all about the Marquis. Tennyson has not yet come; but will, I make no doubt. I must before the Venetian nephew. Another meeting with that arid desert has sickened me. The only curiosity is – how does the lot – Francis Birrell, Aldous Huxley & the rest – get on? God, again, knows.

About coming – (a thin letter is in the catalogue style, which reminds me, I'm not yet read Wellesley, but will,

& would, & Desmond Ludit turned up last night &
rambled on for an hour about the character of
Shakespeare – he was a smallish man, very nervous,
with staring blueish grey eyes, highly excitable — did
you know all this? & he talked a great deal –
Shakespeare: & Desmond & Virginia too. But to
return – about coming – I'm dashing off, you'll
be amused to hear, on my chronic visit to
Hardy. I expect I shall be back on Saturday: I shall
only stay one day & drink one cup of tea, & be so
damned nervous I shall spill it on the floor, &
what shall I say. & Nothing, but avoid nonsense.
Yet I feel this is a great occasion. Here I am
approaching the immortal forest, touching the sacred
hand: he will make all eyes, Lenard & me &
Gerzzy, seem transparent & passing, this old
wrinkled dwindled man, who has Libyd
Colefax (who, you'll be surprised to hear
knows him intimately) two very little, very
bright eyes — Libyd told him how much she
liked the Dynasts. Now what did Hardy think of
Libyd? This said he does not think. But
I'll tell you all about it when we meet. I dont
so one more, about coming.

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(2)

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I think there's much good my coming with your pack of flibbert-jibbets (Clive has just stood me a ferocific lunch & was sweet & sound as an old ripe, but not quite virginal, apple, & I love him, & always shall, but not in the go-to-bed or sofa way) Clive, Mary, Evan Morgan &c. I shan't, I make no doubt, shine. Vanity compells me to admit that I should cut a very fine figure, in Woods dress (Thank God, I'm sitting in an old silk petticoat at the moment with a hole in it, & the top part of another dress with a hole in it, & the wind is blowing through me, & I'm reading de Quincey & Richardson, & again de Quincey — again de Quincey, because I'm in the middle of writing about him, & my God Vita, if you happen to know do wire what's the essential difference between prose & poetry — It cracks my poor brain to consider. As I say, I don't think I'll come on Saturday, & ~~unless~~ though I shall cut a figure; unless you very particularly wish it: but it suddenly

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fonds & Stands;
& they fair fun
ruled, &
thus are
working planes
which reflect
the most
delicious
Communicate South-
a fat woman fobbling-
in such a way that-
one feels one is
dangling among
acclivities after
bottom of the sea,
keeping with keels
& plucking heads
of the
Candles. (Oh Wm.!)
must stop writing W.

allus time, why shud I not come & spend Monday night alone with you 2. Except that I shud have to return, literally & soberly, with the lark on Tuesday morning. But that would be fun too. The fact is, we all go down to Sussex in a reserved Saloon, on Tuesday afternoon, & it were feasible for Jen. & Ju had no lovers friends, mothers, poisoned dogs, or young men proposing to Jen (though Ju's a married woman as you do opine & do surpize) Singly assert in the house, then I should be divinely happy, & sit a seat & chatter. Moreover, having done Dr Quickly by then, I should be care free of prose & poetry: I should have packed the top part of my dress (what is it called? Oh the skirt; my books, & papers, & 3 petticoats which I bought yesterday, & now the Cook says Thyrie not petticoats: She says Theyre Chemises. I ask you, how is one to know. 2 But I cannot with all Shakis in my head, for I should fill the entire paper supply. Answer meanly with your pen: Shall I come on Monday night? 2 — or with you, perhaps, come up on Monday, & let us dine together at a new place where they have a great variety of

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always time, why should I not come & spend Monday night alone with you? Except that I should have here to whom, literally & soberly, with the lark on Tuesday morning. But that would be fun too. The fact is, we all go down to Sussex in a reserved saloon, on Tuesday afternoon, & if it were feasible for you & you had no lovers friends, mothers, poisoned dogs, or young men proposing to you (though it's a married woman as you do often & do surprisingly assert) in the house, then I should be divinely happy, & sit in a seat & chatter. Moreover, having done Dr Quickly by then, I should be care free of prose & poetry: I should have packed the top part of my dress (what is it called? & the skirt; my books, & papers, & 3 petticoats which I bought yesterday, & now the Cook says they're not petticoats: she says they're Chemises. I ask you, how is one to know? But I cannot write all that in my head, for I should fill the entire paper supply. Answer meanly with your pen: Shall I come on Monday night? — or with you, perhaps. Come up on Monday, & let us dine together at a new place where they have a great variety of

puds & fruits; & they serve you in Coco, & there are flowers looking flowers which reflect in the most Antinskinny Communistic South-a fat woman sobbing in such a way that one feels one's going among Anglers at the seaside & the bottom of the sea, keeping with a plucking heart & pounding of the Cocks. Oh Wm! I must stop writing.

52 T.S.
2621 Museum.

I think there is a train which arrives at Sevenoaks at 6.4. I will come by this: & but for God's sake stop me, if its not convenient. I feel I have rather muddled things: & you have.

Here 7/4 for the Venetian nephew. Bad, bad woman: I said LEND. You go short of twopence in punishment.

V. W

Sunday

Monks House
Rodmell.

Sunday.

Yes, it does seem hard, that we should make you spend all the fine weather with your nose to the pen. But think of your glory; & our profit, which is becoming a necessary matter, now that your hubby has destroyed, by eating holes, my skirt, all Li proofs, & done such damage as cannot be done to the carpet. But she is an angel sylphid. Leonard says seriously she makes him believe in God. - & this after she has melted his flower 8 times in one day.

I have sat a great deal on the bank: got completely brown & bitten, sat very well, can walk any distance (what a joy after last summer) & have read, at last, Wellesley on the Wood. I think it has great merits, but do bound up with faults. — ~~It is very~~ cobbled, jerked, patched ~~Cobbly jerky~~ what is one to do with a 2. Two fond to destroy: But loved

the re-write ², some fluency & currency — that's what I
want: (not) needful exactness, thank God. (Where am)
to send it ²? A passionate Negress has now
thrown her book at my head, & wants advice.

But when are you coming over, to
pay on your little cupboard worm ²? I am
going into Lewes to buy you what-called toilet
articles. Which reminds me, do tell me,
what is the name & price of the Spanish wine,
& how could I get it ²? (I ~~may~~ ask this with
grave doubt: if you so much as hint at lending me
a thumbscrew, never darken my door again) But
tell me; our village cider is undrinkable, & I want
to buy before Lis enthusiasm for Wormy drinks
has cooled.

I hope; but was not acutely pained.
Dwight put us off — for the Duke of Devonshire

Did you have Molly? Did
the cry ².

Thinking about copulation. I now remember
a whole chapter you put that Hogarth,
I think to tell you.

Oh & my spectacles — ~~angels~~ angel, Lend
them if

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[redacted], as Lydia would say, [redacted]. And why were you so bad in the summer & never write me? Your father, I suppose, & that damned [redacted] old witch — V.

Sunday

Dearest Creature,

It was a very very nice letter you wrote by the light of the stars at midnight. Always write then, for your heart requires moonlight. & deliquescence of
And mine is fed on starlight, actually nine o'clock & I must go to bed at eleven. And so I shant say anything: not a word of the balm to my anguish — for I am always anguished — that you were to me. How I watched you! How I felt — how what was it like! Well, somewhere I have seen a little book kept bubbling up & down on the — Strand a fountain: the fountain is you: the book me. This a.

Somewhere I get away from you. This physical stimulating, restful at the same time I feel ~~stuffed~~ & anointed now — & then, here, in Tavistock Square, how ages how years in ~~resting~~ gasping chatter. Oh I've been so many people, talked so much, woken up shot through the heart in the night by a sense of doom & frustration — I must do Clive, Mary, Dadie, Tom Eliot: Cant Escape: & why, & why?

But what I was about to say was, I have found my spectacles. Leonard says with you Dora Pinka for worms. I cant decide what to say to you mother. Oh & if you're coming on Wednesday, let me know in good time. I am horribly nervous about Thursday — honestly I am —

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